

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 457

Week-Ending
DECEMBER 24, 1927

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Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny Every Thursday 2d.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL MANKIND

THE ARAB FRIEND

REAPING KINDNESS AFTER MANY YEARS

English Girl Who Paid Her
Father's Debt

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE

Here is a true and lovely story of England and Arabia.

All the characters in it are still alive, but they would be angry if their names were sent round the world in the C.N.

Many years ago there came to an Eastern city a young Englishman who wanted to paint sunlight. His parents wished him to be a lawyer instead of a wandering artist, so they gave him hardly any money, and the young Englishman was often hard up for a meal.

By and by he made friends with an Arab who was a person of importance. This Arab was extremely kind to the humble and penniless foreigner. He helped the young stranger in many ways, but he helped him most of all by being a friend.

The Englishman Goes Home

Better than any gifts, or passports, or information, was the thought that here, in a foreign land, was someone who would always sympathise and wish him well. Many hours the two spent sitting in the Arab's house talking about the customs and beliefs of each other's countrymen, or their own adventures that day.

At last the Englishman set off for home. There he married, settled down, and had a daughter. But he was always talking of his years among the Arabs, and especially of his great friend. When the daughter grew up she said she would never be happy unless she could see the land where her father had spent his youth. It was to her a country of romance and dream, an El Dorado.

When you want a thing badly enough you get it. Although the neighbours said the artist ought not to let a young girl travel into Arabia alone, and although he could not afford to leave his work and take her, the girl got her way.

As soon as she arrived she sought out her father's old friend. She found that he was no longer a great man among the Arabs. Instead, he was poor, lonely, and ill. He could not afford a doctor.

Selling Pictures to Tourists

The English girl hastily painted several studies of the city, and asked European tourists to buy them, spending the money on medical advice for the sick man. Specialists were called in and expensive treatment has been prescribed. The young English girl is paying for it all. Her day is very full. She paints feverishly, she hawks her wares, and then she hastens to the bedside of the old Arab. He loves to be nursed by her and to hear tales of the English friend whom he never forgot.

So the daughter pays her father's debt, and the Arab reaps the kindness he sowed half a lifetime ago.

Never Before in History



For the first time in history there comes to the lighthouse-man this year a voice of peace and goodwill saying A Happy Christmas to you. Far over land and sea the voice of 210 goes, but to none is it more welcome than to these Guardians of the Lamp, who will share with us the music of this happy Christmas Day.

THE WISE OLD DOG Why He Brought the Hatchet

One of our readers tells us of a wise old dog living at a country house who, like all wise dogs, made friends with the cook.

The woodstack was some distance from the house, and when any kindling wood was wanted the cook would tell the dog to fetch some sticks. He knew quite well what she meant, and used to trot off to the woodyard and bring back a stick at a time. One day he was sent off on his errand and came back with a wagging tail and an empty mouth.

Cook sent him again, and yet again, but each time he came back empty-mouthed, wagging his tail apologetically. Cook was first puzzled and then angry, and, calling the dog ugly names, drove him off on the same errand, determined that he should carry out her orders. Once more the old dog trotted away, and in a few minutes he came back with the hatchet dragging on the ground beside him! When he reached the house he dropped the hatchet before Cook, as if to say, "There's no wood cut, and if you want any you must go and cut it!"

CUTTING WORDS DOWN Too Many Long Ones

Many a man, just for fun, has set himself to make up a German word that no one could pronounce.

Among these playful scholars was a Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, whose account of his efforts is well worth remembering. "I am inventing a German word of 1000 letters," he wrote to a friend; "it is divided into some 150 or 200 compartments. After each compartment there is five minutes for refreshments. After about the 500th letter there will be half an hour allowed for dinner. After the 600th letter or so there will be a notice to the effect that no person with a weak heart may proceed without consulting a medical man."

This is all very well; but think of the German stenographer trying to get a foot-and-a-half of letters into a few flicks of shorthand. He, at any rate, must hope that Germany will soon feel the effect of speed on human speech. It is one of the many interesting facts of our day that long words are going out of fashion, as a result of all-round mechanical speeding-up.

A BASE BETRAYAL

WHAT ARE THE FORESTRY MEN DOING?

Breaking the Law in the Name
of the Government

A THING THAT MUST BE STOPPED

When the Great War laid its cruel talons on the woodlands of England and the forests of Scotland it felled and laid waste thousands of acres of timber.

To make good the losses Forestry Commissioners were empowered to replant the devastated areas, and in the New Forest they are doing so with more regard for usefulness than beauty. In Scotland, in more than one area, they are destroying what can never be replaced by wiping out from great stretches of country birds and other creatures that have been natural inhabitants for centuries.

Rabbits Exterminated

The strangest part of the proceedings of these Government Commissioners, is that they are actually breaking the law to do it! It is no surprise to find that in Argyllshire and Kirkcudbrightshire the rabbits have been trapped off and exterminated during the summer. They come under the head of vermin. Deer have also come under the ban and have been shot down, lest they should damage the young trees.

But the cruellest folly of all is that the Commission's keepers have been told to kill off black game at any time of the year because they are supposed to damage the young trees by nipping the shoots. This is stupid, but it is not merely stupid, it is cruel. It is illegal also. Capercaillie have been known by some naturalists to nip new shoots when they could get nothing else to eat, but the occurrence is unusual. As for other black game, the charge is absurd.

Protected by Law

In Great Britain black game are protected by the Game Laws, and in Scotland, their chief habitation, they must not be shot between December 10 and August 25. In one district under the Forestry Commissioners a keeper shot 45 in July and early August. In the Galloway district, which is one of the best in Scotland for black game, the keeper shoots the birds at any time, but does best in February, March, and April.

The matter has been taken up by the well-known sporting writer Cheviot, and we cannot do better than quote his condemnation. It is not decent, he writes; it is disgusting. Here is one of the noblest of our British birds. It is protected by law as a game bird, and if it were not a game bird it would be protected as a wild bird. Yet here it is being killed down by foul means, in large numbers, over large areas of country—and this in the nesting season, when by every law of the land, to say nothing of every law of humanity, it should be left alone.

ADA BLACKJACK OF WRANGEL ISLAND

GOING HOME TO DIE
The Price a Brave Little
Eskimo Pays for Her Courage
PATHETIC ENDING OF A
GREAT STORY

Ada Blackjack, the brave little Eskimo woman of Wrangel Island, has gone back to the northlands to die.

The home doctors have told her that her lungs, or what is left of them, will not hold out much longer, and she wants to pass her last few months on the edge of the great wastes that were the scene of her struggles and hopes a few years ago;



Ada Blackjack

for then it was that she really lived. She was called the heroine of the Arctic a year or two ago. Grand names like that did not matter to Ada, but the fearful ordeal she lived through touched something deep down in her fighting nature and since then life has been

only a shadow of great things.

The C.N. knows the story of this little Eskimo woman whom Harold Noice found alone on Wrangel Island when he headed the relief expedition there. She was the only survivor of the party he had gone to save. He found her with a dead man as companion, surrounded by seas of ice, with only a few pounds of mouldy bread left.

Her Return to Kodiak

Any ordinary woman would have gone mad. When Mr. Noice found her she was very shrunken, weighing not quite 100 pounds. But that hundred pounds of life had fought the Arctic and won. The Scotsman brought her away, and Stefansson sent her on a long holiday in the States, hoping that sunshine and varied scenes would help her to forget that long, lonely watch in a little tent where death looked in at the door so often and beckoned her, and said "I shall come again." But she could not be happy long in the sunny South; and Stefansson arranged for her to go back to Nome.

There Ada tried to settle down and work. Her health grew worse daily; now she knows that death is coming, and she prefers to meet him nearer the place where she saw him so often. She has gone in a trading ship to Kodiak Island, in the Alaskan group.

There she can rest and look over the pages of her past. There are many years she wants to forget—the early years when she was a most unhappy girl wife and mother. Before that she had lived a few months in a Christian-mission in Nome, and learned to read and write, to speak broken English, and to cook and sew. She became very clever at making clothes from the skins of animals, and that was why the four men who went to occupy Wrangel Island took her with them.

A Precious Document

We know how she watched the last man die, but she learned to shoot and get food and brave her mortal terror of bears. When everything was done that could be done Ada sat down to carry on in her own way the diary of the man she had nursed. It is a precious document, and will find a place in the archives of Arctic literature.

She began a little before he died, writing in her clumsy, schoolgirl hand with a coarse stump of pencil.

Made in March 14, 1923. I got headache all days. I am taking aspirin. It seems didn't work. Oh, yes, on 13th I got new army pants. On 12th I set eight places of traps. No sign of fresh tracks and I put new soles on my felt

SOMETHING TO BE GLAD ABOUT

Old Virginia Dancing
for Cecil Sharp

A GOOD MAN'S MEMORIAL

Once during Cecil Sharp's busy years, when he was out on his labour of love, collecting old English folk songs and dance figures, he went wandering in the remote places of the Southern Appalachian Mountains in America.

There he picked up many songs and some dances which the ancestors of the inhabitants had carried over from England in the early days and handed down from mother to child. Many of the songs were variants of old English ballads, sung in unchanged Elizabethan-English. There was one lovely dance figure which the country people in England had forgotten and the Virginians had not. It has lately been danced in England for the first time for many generations.

Two Supreme Gifts

Sharp had two supreme gifts—the knack of making anyone sing and dance for him and the unconscious art of winning people's friendship. He was the friend of many nations. When he was over in that part of America he told the country people of his great ambition to keep securely alive the old music he had recaptured. They did not forget. The children did not forget. They are now growing up and at school.

They learned with grief of Cecil Sharp's death, and when they heard that a Cecil Sharp Fund had been started to provide a building in his memory they insisted on being allowed to help. They had no money. They thought it over.

One day a number of these boys and girls asked if they might have rice and cocoa for dinner for a time and save the money which better food would cost. Their wish was granted, and the other day the head of the school sent over to the Cecil Sharp Fund 40 dollars which the children had collected in this way. This sum is one of the most precious gifts that can be imagined.

Sharp's Great Desire

This was one of the stories told at the meeting of the subscribers to the Cecil Sharp Fund in London. The speakers had good news. They have already collected £15,000, and £5000 is promised from the Carnegie Trust. This leaves a further £5000 to be raised from several sources. If any C.N. readers feel that, like the Appalachian boys and girls, they want a finger in this most delicious pie they can send a few shillings to the Secretary, Cecil Sharp Fund, 7, Lyndhurst Gardens, Hampstead, N.W.3.

Sharp's great desire was for some hall where people could dance and sing these haunting figures and ballads, so beautiful, so dignified. The building is to be at the corner of Regent's Park and Gloucester Road in North-West London, and is to have a hall 80 feet by 50 feet, where dancers from all over the world can give exhibitions of the ancient art of their race.

Continued from the previous column

slippers and washed dishes and I feel much better than yesterday. Very clear all day.

April 21. Sunday. I didn't go out today. I just wash my hair and read Bibil, and I think of folks are in church this morning and this evening, and now I am writing 11 o'clock in evening after I had cup of tea.

After Knight had died she wrote:

God is the only one who will brought me home again. There is no one pity me in this world but God, and there is no hand would help me but God.

There Ada had touched the bottom of things and discovered the foundation of the world. She is now thinking of those unforgettable years, alone with God in the white silence of the North. We pray that when Death comes to her he will be kind.

A COMET KEEPS AN APPOINTMENT

Its Tour of the Solar
System

The astronomers who keep a ceaseless watch on the heavens with their telescopes have just detected a faint misty patch in the constellation Pegasus.

From the predictions of mathematicians it is known that this must be Encke's Comet, which is duly keeping one of its three-yearly appointments with the Earth.

Encke's Comet is not one of the grand spectacles of the heavens, but it is interesting in many ways, and in one respect it is unique. It completes its elliptical tour of the Solar System once in every three-and-a-quarter years, which is the shortest time for any known comet, and it has been detected at every return since it was discovered over a century ago.

There are occasions when this little comet passes quite close to the planet Mercury, and by noting how much this deflects the comet's path, it has been possible to find the weight of Mercury, which turns out to be only one-twenty-seventh of the weight of the Earth.

Sometimes Encke's Comet moves rather irregularly when it is passing near the Sun. This may perhaps be due to the resisting effect of the rarefied gases which form the outermost part of the Sun's atmosphere.

DRAKE'S MAP

The Temptation of Pepys

Samuel Pepys lived in the age of Charles the Second when a Secretary to the Admiralty might cuff a little servant.

But Mr. Baldwin has told us now of another sin. *Pepys was a thief.* Of course it is dreadful, but some people will have a sneaking sympathy for the rogue.

One day the librarian of the Pepys Library at Cambridge showed the Prime Minister what he rightly calls a priceless document. It is a small navigating map made by Drake, with the great sailor's name on it. "How did this get into Pepys's Library?" asked the Premier.

"He borrowed it from Evelyn," replied the Librarian, "and never would return it."

Certainly the temptation must have been great. The map is probably the most romantic in the world, but that was no reason why Pepys should rob poor John Evelyn of his treasure.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS WITH JEAN STERLING MACKINLAY

One of the treats of Christmas to which we always look forward is Jean Sterling Mackinlay's season of children's matinees. The good time opens this year on December 22, and for four weeks there is to be a daily performance at 2.30. That makes many delightful afternoons for somebody.

Miss Mackinlay has taken London's newest little theatre, the Rudolph Steiner, for her Christmas season: this year. It is quite close to Baker Street Station, and if you will write to Miss Mackinlay at the Rudolph Steiner Theatre, Clarence Gate, London, N.W.1, she will send you a little notice telling what is going to happen on these happy afternoons, and a very amusing plan showing how children can get from the station to the theatre in two minutes and grown-ups in two and a half.

Some grown-ups might be so eager that they would do it in two minutes also, considering the magic waiting behind the theatre doors, songs and nursery rhymes arranged by dear Kenneth Mackinlay, little performances of the House That Jack Built, the Mad Hatter's Tea Party, and other delightful things. Every performance will be over at 4.30, so that no one need be very late for tea.

THE KINDNESS THAT IS EVERYWHERE

A German Girl's Chivalry
in the War

A NEW STORY

A recent C.N. article on the Kindness that is Everywhere has prompted an officer who was wounded and captured in the Great War to illustrate that fact by an experience of his own. He shall tell the story himself.

In March, 1918, a trainload of wounded British prisoners was going into Germany. They had been in the train for two days, and about 12.30 p.m. of the second day the train drew into a siding at a town on the outskirts of a big munition area in which were several munition factories.

As it was the dinner hour the train was soon surrounded by a crowd of interested onlookers. Among these was a German girl who, on hearing that it was twelve hours since we had had anything to eat, went away and brought back what was evidently her dinner, and handed it to us.

Grateful Officers

When this was shared out among us by a padre it amounted to only two pieces for each, about the size of a lump of sugar, but it was eaten with a great deal of gratitude. The value of the gift is enhanced when one remembers that she had made herself liable to imprisonment for giving to prisoners of war.

If ever these lines should be seen by that girl, whoever she was, I should like her to know that the thirteen officers in that wagon were very grateful to her for her plucky and unselfish gift.

So ends our correspondent's story.

We have pleasure in giving the story a possible chance of reaching her, and we shall be delighted to hear from her should she see this.

WITHIN THREE DAYS OF MELBOURNE

It is a startling and almost incredible fact that within three days' travel of Melbourne, which has a population of a million people and suburbs stretching over an area as large as Greater London, cannibalism is still practised.

This fact was discovered by Mr. Charlie Barrett, the well-known Australian naturalist, during a recent tour of Central Australia. The state of the natives, he says, is pitiful. They live on lizards and roots and grubs, and it is even not unusual for children to be killed and eaten.

THINGS SAID

It is never too late to join the Scouts.

Earl Jellicoe

All who have seen war must hate it.

Lord Allenby

Always be a little kinder than is necessary.

Wayside Pulpit

I tremble for England when I think of her indifference to religion.

Bishop Taylor Smith

Every time a bad book is sold the way of a good book is a little harder.

A well-known writer

It were better to weep than to laugh when we see a drunken man on the stage.

Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard

Alfred measured time by burning candles. Other law-makers measure it by burning cigars.

Sir John Simon

The decisive step taken at Locarno, had it been possible earlier, would have prevented the war.

Emil Ludwig

When some wild mother tried to talk her baby to sleep with a simple story in the forest, Literature began.

Mr. Huws Davies

Though all who go racing are not rogues and vagabonds, all the rogues and vagabonds seem to go racing.

Sir Abs Bailey

December 24, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

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A KIND LADY OF FEZ

Madame Bouchez's
Good Deed

A CHANCE FOR A HELPER

An English lady who has lately been in Morocco sends an interesting description of the admirable work being carried on by Madame Bouchez for the relief of suffering animals in the city of Fez.

She says she watched that lady at her work every day in the Fondouk Américaine, which she uses as an animal dispensary. A fondouk is an open courtyard where the Arabs bring their animal-helpers when they come into the city from their farms, and water and feed them. They themselves sleep in rooms entered from a gallery round the courtyard, while the animals stand or lie on the stone pavement without bedding, with their feet tied together.

Tending the Sick

Every morning, at six o'clock or earlier, Madame Bouchez feeds and waters about thirty camels, horses, mules, and donkeys, nearly all of which are ill-fed. They all know her step, and raise their heads when she appears, the donkeys hee-hawing a welcome.

She then dresses the wounds of any that are suffering. Quickly and quietly she syringes abscesses, anoints wounds, and examines hoofs for nails that hurt. Then she feeds stray dogs that have been caged. The sense of repose after the suffering of the animals has been alleviated is very impressive.

Then she goes out into the alleys that serve as streets, confiscates any prods with nails at the end that are being used to urge the animals along, and examines saddles to see if they are covering sores. If she finds animals being used in a state beyond all help she visits the Pasha and gets his permission to have the unfortunate creatures put out of their misery.

A Great Pet

She had three baby donkeys in her animals' hospital, one, named Jacop, that she had nursed until he had recovered from a broken leg. He is now a great pet and very intelligent. He always meets those whom he knows with a friendly greeting, and pushes his nose into any pocket in the hope of finding sugar. He is the only animal that has a gay and happy air.

Our correspondent closes her letter with the hope that some day somebody will go to Fez and help Madame Bouchez in her "heroic and colossal work."

Not only does such work relieve suffering that is almost too sad to think of, but gradually it spreads that spirit of kindness to animals which seems so strangely absent from the habitual ways of people in Northern Africa.

TWO LOST TOWNS

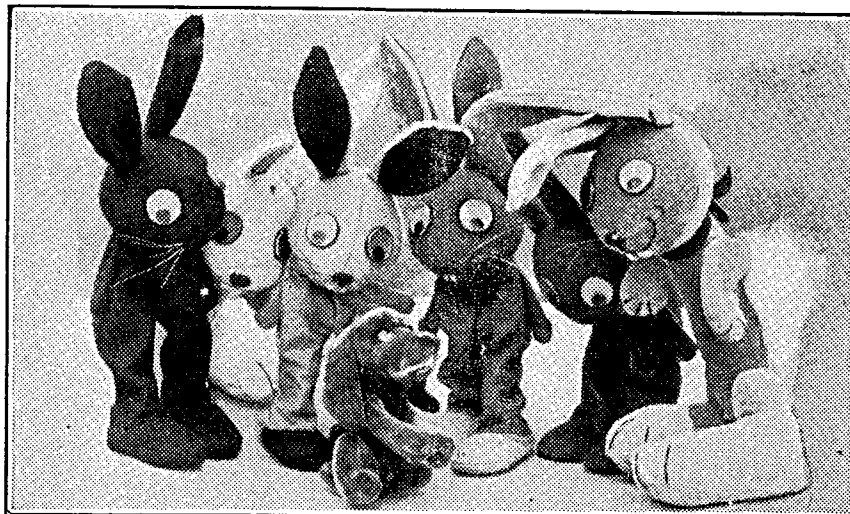
Withernsea the Third

The Withernsea District Council is asking local landowners what they are prepared to pay toward the cost of protective breakwaters against the sea. Thereby hangs a tale, and a very old one it is.

Two Withernseas already lie buried in the bed of the North Sea. The first received a charter from Edward the Third, and Henry the Sixth sent a commission to find the people land for the second. Now the beach south of the third Withernsea is strewn with an enormous accumulation of boulders, due to the great erosion caused by this year's storms.

Some day, no doubt, when the land of England has become too precious for the sea to be allowed to take it from us at its will, there will be, if not a sea wall, at least a succession of groynes from Flamborough to Spurn Head.

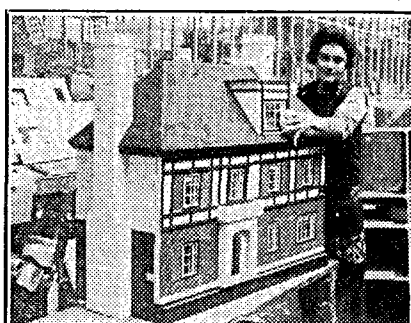
NEW TOYS FOR CHRISTMAS



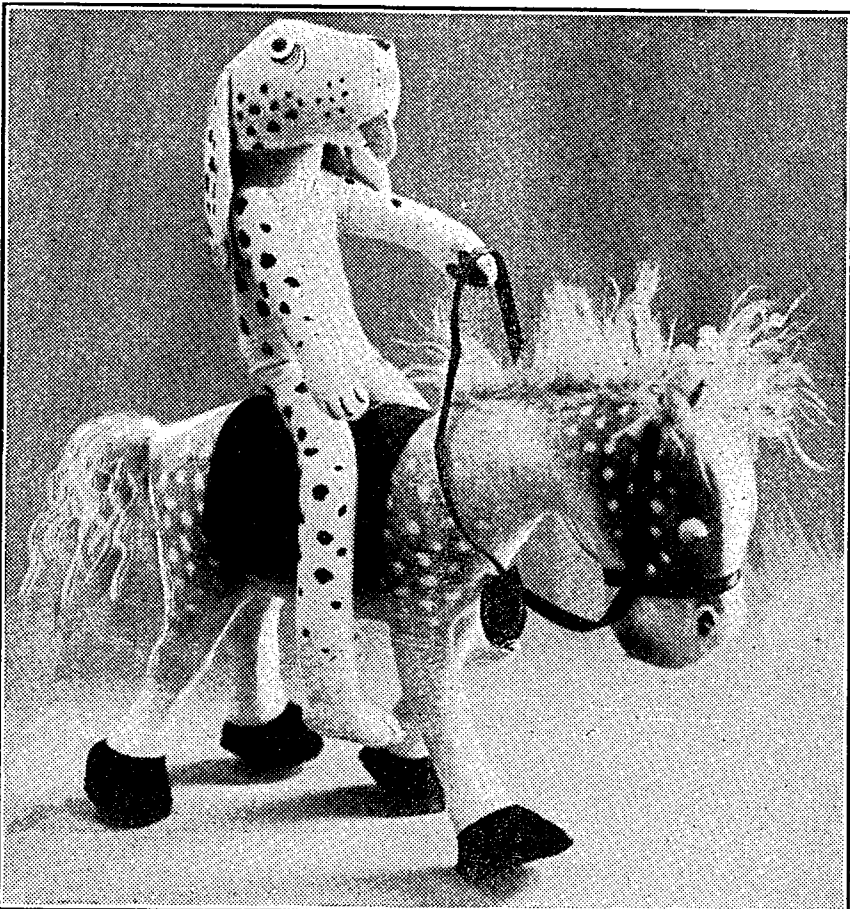
A gathering of rabbits from the Zoo That Never Was



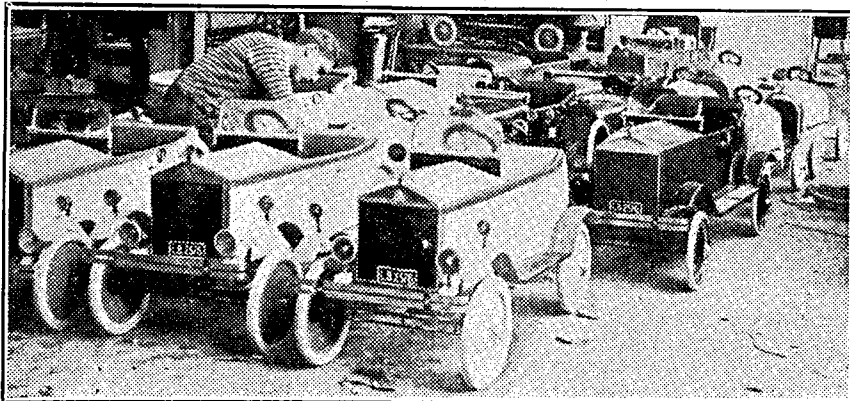
Two golden-haired dolls and a spotted dog



Cleaning the windows of a splendid doll's house



An amusing dog and his little pony



Putting the finishing touches to model motor-cars

The thoughts of boys and girls everywhere are now centred on toys, and these pictures show some of the jolly things that will delight their new owners on Christmas morning. Animals of various kinds, real and imaginary, are very popular again this year.

THE STONE AGE MAN COMING ON

In Touch With Civilisation

MRS. DAISY BATES AND
HER WORK

Our Own Correspondent in the interior of Australia, whose work is carried on among the Aborigines of that great land, sends us some notes on these people and their prospects that should serve to awaken general sympathy.

She makes a contrast between the men who were the first inhabitants of Britain and the somewhat similar remnant of primitive man left in the Australian interior.

Britain was once a land of thinly-peopled spaces (says Mrs. Bates), whose painted, naked dwellers lived in caves and bough huts, with Palaeolithic flints as their weapons, like those our Australian Aborigines use today. But the primitive Australian native is acon distant from the early man of Britain. The difference is shown in this: the Australian early men would be *exactly the same two thousand years hence as they are today if they were left to themselves.*

How the Children Learn

We can teach them, and try to bring out capabilities, but the fact is that whatever knowledge the Australian Aborigines can absorb *they cannot give it to their children.* The white man must give the same training over again to the next generation of natives. The native has no responsibility for his family; it is so with those we have trained. By the old native laws a father's authority over his boys and girls can never be exercised in a truly parental way. Each child is only one in a communal group, and the children learn through the group, not through the father and mother. So they only learn the old ways over again. What has been taught them by the white man dies out as each generation that has been taught dies.

The Moth and the Candle

Mrs. Bates has been reluctantly led to believe, by full experience, that the twentieth-century civilised man and the Stone Age man cannot thrive together. Yet they are being drawn together. It is not that the white men are taking their land. It is the natives who are approaching the white men, as a moth comes to the candle. And when once they come where the white men are they never return to their quarters in the lands where the white man has not been. They continue to hover on the white man's borders, travelling from place to place, and returning to each place at intervals. And in contact with civilisation they die out. They do not learn from it. They are not absorbed in it. That (adds our correspondent) is why I have devoted my best years to their service in the only way possible—that is, *to make their passing easier.*

A CAR FOR EVERY SIX FAMILIES

Why Our Roads Are Crowded

Some colossal figures appear in the Transport Ministry's annual report.

Nearly 1,730,000 motor-vehicles were licensed in 1926 and 2,130,000 driving licences were issued. This means that there is now one motor-car for every 26 persons (one for every six families) in Britain and that one person in every 21 has a driving licence.

In one week over 12,000 tons of traffic passed over a given point at Willesden, and there were 800 points in Britain where the total traffic in a single day exceeded a thousand tons.

COME INSIDE NINE MEN ACCEPT AN INVITATION

The Little Adventure of a
Bright Red Bus

WHY IT WENT THE WRONG WAY

One morning not long ago an unusually large number of people was seen to be smiling.

City men smiled as they folded up the morning newspaper instead of leaving it in the railway carriage. Clerks and typists hurrying off the buses smiled in a way not to be accounted for by thoughts of the office. Even editors smiled.

What were they all smiling at? They had been reading what had happened the day before at Bethnal Green.

Bethnal Green bus stop was one of the rallying points of a select little group of men suspected of picking pockets when not occupied as labourers, bricklayers, dealers, or on any of the other jobs which seemed to find them chronically unemployed. As pick-pockets their methods were effective, but not unusual. Two or three of them would board an omnibus at the same time, getting clumsily in the way of other passengers and hustling them in a very rude manner. It was not so clumsy as it looked, for when the confusion had ceased the hustled passenger had always lost something. The hustler had it, but never stopped to say so.

An Editor's New Wallet

A very old dodge. We wonder how many C.N. readers have suffered from bus thieves or know someone who has? We know one editor who lost his new wallet on its first day out, with a big bunch of pathetically new £5 notes on their first day out, in this way. Some of the people who smiled must have been doing so *In Memoriam*, as one might say.

Business with the Bethnal Green group does not seem to have been very brisk at four o'clock, which is a little before the rush hour. Consequently part of the group joined another section on the top of a covered bus, perhaps intending to distribute their forces better. There were nine of them in all.

But as soon as they had got safely on and in two policemen in plain clothes joined them, sitting at the head of the staircase. A police car unobtrusively followed. As the policemen got on a word was whispered to the conductor and passed to the driver. The omnibus, instead of proceeding toward Hackney Road, turned into the road where the police-station hangs out the blue light.

The Nonplussed Nine

That is nearly all. Another group of policemen, in uniform, came out from the station. The plain-clothes men at the top of the stairs of the bus said something about coming quietly.

The nonplussed nine went like lambs into the police-station, brought to the very doors by the bus, and the subsequent proceedings were reported in the police court records. As they came sheepishly down the stairs the smile began (on the faces of the other passengers) which spread all over London next day.

There is usually more cause for sighing than for smiling in police cases, but nobody sympathises with the bus thief, for, apart from the wickedness of stealing generally, it is such a mean trick to steal from bus passengers, the hardest-working of all people.

WHY?

We are poor and overtaxed; yet we are secure, for no one threatens us, and we threaten no one. Are we obliged to spend so much on armaments?

Major J. W. Hills, M.P.

NEW HOUSE AT THE ZOO

A Christmas Box for
Visitors

The Zoo's Christmas present to visitors is the opening of a new Monkey House.

This new hygienic home for the monkeys is on the site of the old building, but is much larger, and as the cages are confined to two sides of the hall visitors will have plenty of space to walk about.

Each cage has a cork asphalt floor and tiled walls and a communicating outdoor compartment to which the animals have access at all times. The roof of the house is made of vitaglass, and the whole building is wired with electricity so that the monkeys can be given artificial sunshine on dark winter days and the cages can be illuminated. A dynamo has been installed and the Monkey House will make its own electricity. The service passages are at the back of the cages to enable the keepers to move monkeys without any trouble when visitors are in the house.

How They Are Moved

All the Zoo's monkeys and apes of every description will be exhibited in this new house. One section has large cages suitable for chimpanzees, orang-utans, gibbons, and baboons; another section is devoted to large and small African monkeys, and a third to South American monkeys. Many new monkeys have been collected, and some of the exhibits represent rare and valuable species which have not been shown in the menagerie for many years.

Removing the monkeys and apes into their new house is a simple matter compared with moving reptiles. Several of these animals are tame enough to be carried about the Gardens in their keeper's arms; others are placed in cages and packed in the Zoo's motor-van, to be motored to their new quarters. If one is too large and vicious to be moved in an ordinary cage, he is lured into a travelling box by means of food.

IN MEMORY OF THESE THREE

There were once three children who looked forward to their holidays as much as anyone else, and they spent them very delightfully at St. Helens, in the Isle of Wight.

Their favourite playground was a piece of land known as the Common, not far from the sea. When they grew up they still kept a love for that place of enchantment where they had rolicked and dreamed and thought the long, long thoughts of youth.

One of them, Emily Hilda, became Mrs. Ainley Walker, of Oxford. She died in 1917. Another grew up to be well known as Lieutenant Poulton-Palmer, the international Rugby football player. He was killed defending England's goal in the Great War, on a bright May day of 1915. The third, Janet Mary, was killed in an accident in July, 1919.

The heirs of the property tried to forget the tragedy life had brought these three, and looked back to their happy years at St. Helens; and not long ago they had the delightful idea of presenting to the National Trust the Common on which they had played.

There are few more pathetic and charming bequests in the history of the National Trust. No gift has been more appreciated than this has by the residents and visitors of St. Helens. The donors, Professor and Mrs. Poulton, of Oxford, have now made another lovely gift in the same memory, adding to the Common a piece of woodland which runs up to it, with a cottage and garden where the keeper may live.

The condition of the bequest is that the land shall be preserved as an open space for ever, and that it shall never be forgotten that this piece of beautiful country has been given to England in memory of three children.

THE BALLOON THAT WENT TO HANOVER

Messenger of Goodwill

A Paris correspondent sends us this story showing how ready are the hearts of the common people for peace and reconciliation between nations.

At Amiens, half way between Boulogne and Paris, is a great shop which has the pleasant custom of presenting toy balloons to small visitors who go shopping with their elders. One little boy of four accidentally let his balloon go as he got into the street, and wept to see it sail away among the clouds.

A few days later the shopkeeper received a letter from a man at Schwiagerhausen, 350 miles away in Hanover, announcing the arrival of the balloon. It might, he said, have been sent off merely as an advertisement, or the aim might have been to bring nearer together two citizens wishful of knowing each other better because they belonged to countries that had been such bitter enemies. If so the object had been achieved, for the sender of the letter, who had discovered the balloon, was one who believed in the new ideal of peace between nations.

We hope the good news of his balloon has now reached Four-Year-Old, and that he may grow up friends with this good-hearted citizen of Hanover.

THE TALE OF A WOODEN LEG

A Story With a Sting

A very strange story has come to us of a wooden leg in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington.

Before it was taken to the museum it belonged to a wounded soldier, who had not worn it long before it began to irritate him. When he took it off he found, to his amazement, that he had released a dozen wasps! The eggs from which they had hatched had been laid in the wood before it had been made into an artificial limb.

PICTURES BY WIRE

Berlin and Vienna Begin

The public has heard a great deal about sending pictures by telegraph; now it can send them on its own account, if it lives in Berlin or Vienna.

Between these two capitals pictures can now be despatched at a minimum charge of eight shillings.

Anything may be sent, within fixed limits, that is capable of being reproduced—cheques, plans, written or typed documents, portraits, and drawings. They may be plain or coloured, though they will be merely black and white at the receiving end, and green, blue, and mauve are to be avoided.

The apparatus is to be supplied for the use of the Budapest police.

OUR NEW SERIAL

With the New Year we start a new serial story by a favourite C.N. author, Mr. Gunby Hadath.

All those who enjoyed his last story, *The Vanishing Legion*, will be glad to know that they are now able to buy it in book form. It is published as *The Lost Legion* by Hodder and Stoughton, and makes an admirable Christmas present for whoever wants to spend only 5s.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Dante's <i>Divina Commedia</i> , 1481	£3950
A book by Aristotle, 1543	£1160
A mezzotint after Romney	£510
A violin by Guarnerius	£500
A Louis XV Aubusson suite	£320
Don Quixote, by Cervantes, 1780	£140
4-Newfoundland air post stamps	£120

Hypnerotomachia, a book by Columna, was bought by telephone from America for £3000.

THE COTTAGE GARDEN MYSTERY

WHY HAS THE MUSK
LOST ITS SCENT?

Its Disappearance From its
Native Island Home

A NOTE FROM VANCOUVER

It is a few months since the C.N. Monthly was discussing that great mystery of the cottage garden, the strange passing of the scent of the musk. Formerly its fragrance penetrated almost everywhere, now the plant is scentless, and no one seems able to give a satisfactory reason.

Originally the *Mimulus Moschatus* was brought from Vancouver Island, and it grew abundantly on the mainland around Vancouver City and in other parts of British Columbia. A letter from a reader in that city deepens the problem of the scentless musk, for there as well as here its scent has failed.

Forty Years Ago

"I wish to point out (he says) that since about the beginning of the war the *Mimulus Moschatus* has also lost its scent in this part of British Columbia. I have asked many gardeners if they can account for the phenomenon, but have received no explanation.

"When our family first settled in Vancouver, some forty years ago, the forest was still in possession where today are paved streets. At that time, even in the heart of the city, the smell of musk was quite noticeable, and on summer evenings the dainty little branches with a yellow flower or two might be seen sticking up between the planks of our wooden sidewalks. Now the scent of the musk has gone.

"It was never so powerful as the English-grown musk. Our flowers are not so strongly fragrant as the English flowers. We can compete in size, quantity, and colour, but not in fragrance. The children used to call the musk the smell-once flower. That was because it had the peculiar effect of dulling the sense of smell after the first good sniff. You had to breathe a few times in unscented air before you could smell the musk again.

In the Forest Trails

"Today I can walk for miles down the various forest trails without meeting the faintest trace of the heavy sweet odour of the musk. I do not know whether this holds good all over the lower mainland of British Columbia, or for the larger varieties that grow in the upper country, but it is true of hundreds of square miles in the Vancouver part of the Province."

Sir W. Beach Thomas suggested in *My Magazine* that the scentlessness here might perhaps be due to protracted garden growth from seed, instead of the old method of growth by the division of the plant in spring; but evidently that is not the reason of the failure in British Columbia, the original home of the plant, where it propagates itself naturally in a wild state.

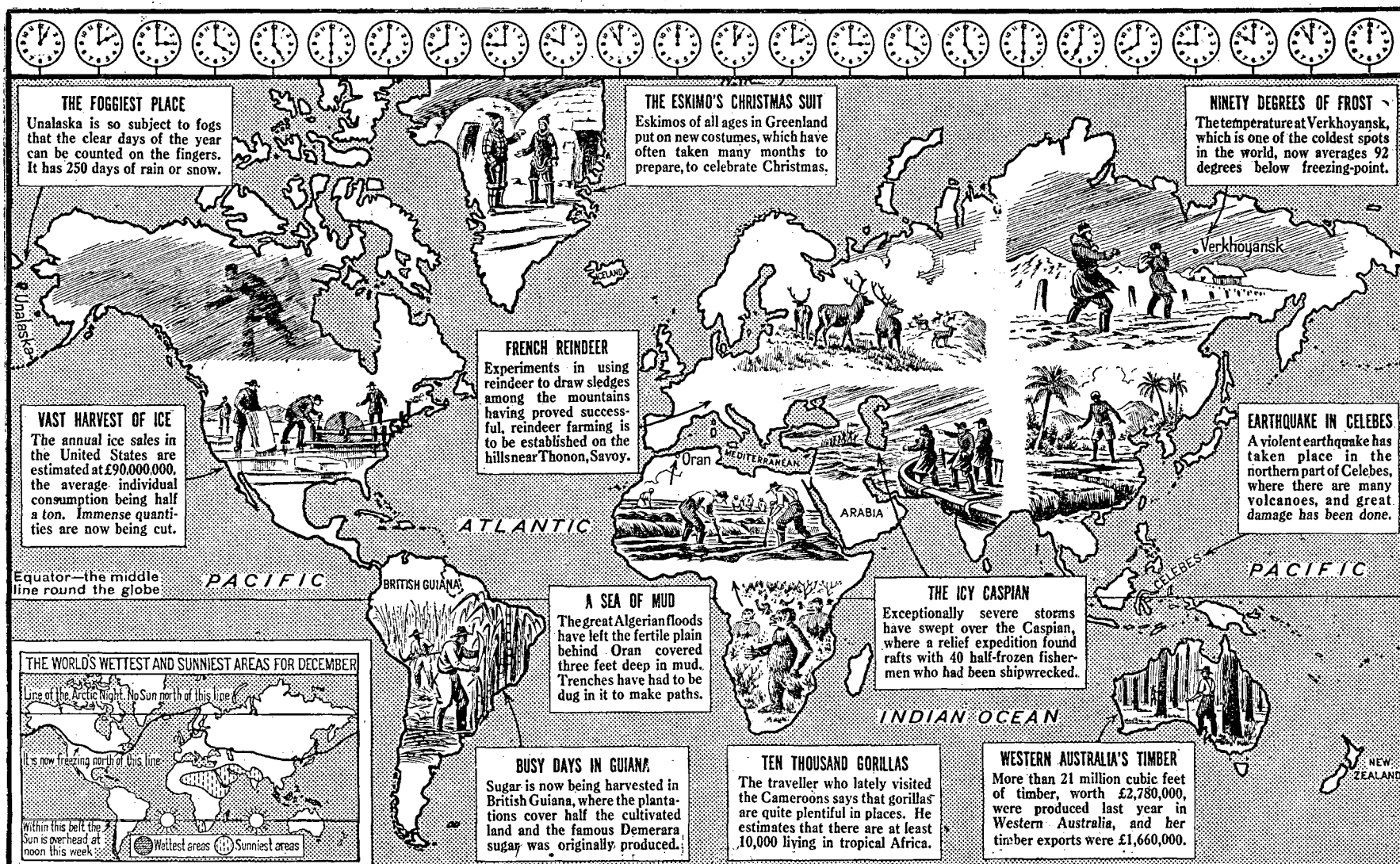
DID BLAKE HOLD THIS WHEN DYING?

A very interesting gift has been made by an American gentleman, Mr. Gabriel Wells, to the Victoria and Albert Museum. It is the palette of William Blake, with his name and address carved on it.

Poets and painters have always honoured Blake, but today the masses love him as well. During the war Dr. Parry set Blake's poem *Jerusalem* to music, and this noble song has become a second national anthem. It expresses all our highest aspirations and hopes for England.

As Blake lay dying he sang and painted. Did he use this palette? If he did not have it on his deathbed he certainly possessed it at some other time, and such a relic is precious indeed.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



INTO THE HEART OF AUSTRALIA

Linking North and South

The first effort to connect the north and south of Australia has begun.

Previously the journey has had to be made by car—or by camel! Work on the 300-mile section of railway that will connect Oodnadatta with Alice Springs has begun, and it is planned that the railway will be open for traffic in July, 1929.

Alice Springs is right in the heart of Australia, a tiny settlement which is looking forward to the day when it will be a centre for tourists who will travel on the new railway to see the wonders of Central Australia.

The construction of this railway will be carried out under the same difficulties as those encountered during the building of the Trans-Continental Railway. Water is scarce in many parts, and although the climate at Alice Springs is beautiful in winter, being warm and sunny, in summer its heat has caused it to become the Australian equivalent for the hottest weather possible.

AN ISLAND'S UPS AND DOWNS

Throwing Steam a Mile High

The British Agent and Consul at Tonga has received a wireless message from H.M.S. Laburnum to the effect that Falcon Island, which a month ago reappeared above the surface of the sea, is in eruption.

This tiny but mysterious island, about 45 miles north of Nakualofa in the South Seas, has vanished and reappeared several times in the last 50 years. In 1885 volcanic activity raised it from a mere reef awash at high tide to an island 50 feet above sea-level, and since then it has experienced several "ups and downs." At present it is belching forth steam and lava to a height of 3000 feet and is playing every twenty minutes.

HOW WE GOT THE FLAG

The Kinema Tells its Story

One of the latest kinema achievements is the story of the Flag.

It is what is known as a cartoon film and has been made by Mr. Anson Dyer, the well-known cartoonist who made the capital film of Brer Rabbit which the C.N. noticed at the time.

The film shows the evolution of the flag from the prehistoric days when the totem was the symbol of the tribe. It shows the standards of Assyria and Egypt and the eagles of the Roman legions, and finally, with the birth of nations, it shows the adoption of the flag as a country's emblem.

The film took nine months to draw and photograph. It has 56,000 movements, and it is moving all the time its 3600 feet unrolls.

A C.N. representative has seen this film and declares it to be a most valuable contribution to a child's education. Mr. Anson Dyer has done his work with a touch of genius, and we should like to see his story of the flag on the screen in every school.

A GOOD DAY FOR OLD FOLK

500,000 Looking Forward

New Year's Day will be a great day for 500,000 people in Britain, for from the day following they will be entitled to a pension of 10s. a week.

These are the insured people over 65 and the uninsured people over 70 whom the Finance Act of 1925 made eligible from January 2, 1928, for pensions without conditions as to their means.

When old age pensions were first established 70 was the earliest age at which pensions could be secured, and even then only by people who could show that they were practically without means. The new extension will bring welcome relief to a host of deserving old people.

MUSSOLINI AND THE TOMBSTONES

Forging History

Among the most useful records of a nation's history are its tombstones.

The tombstones of South Tyrol show that its people have always been mainly German, but Mussolini has decreed that they are and always have been mainly Italian. Thus a very awkward situation arises.

Mussolini's representatives have found a way to overcome it. South Tyrol's living inhabitants, of course, must speak Italian and Italianise their names, but that is not enough. It is now decreed that not only must all future inscriptions be in Italian, but on all existing tombstones the German inscriptions must be cut out and inscriptions in Italian, with Italianised names, cut in!

Professor Herford, who calls attention to the order, calls it forging history, and, of course, it is nothing else.

IMMENSE AREA OF PRECIOUS TIMBER

The Most Enduring Wood in the World

The British Empire is apparently to make a new and important contribution to the world's timber supply.

In British Guiana are 90,000 square miles of growing timber, and all over this area is to be found a tree yielding a wood that is declared to have a longer life than any other in the world.

This tree, called the Mora, has been tested for railway-sleepers by the four English railway companies, and also in South Africa. It proves to be unaffected by rain or by changes of temperature, or by locusts.

Should the natural supplies of this wood be insufficient, it can be cultivated with the greatest ease.

A LAST LOOK ROUND FOR SOMETHING

Why Not a Christmas Annual?

Once more the Children's Annuals in their gaily-coloured covers flaunt themselves in the bookshops and on the stalls. This year they seem brighter than before, and the wise child has long since presented his parents with a list of those he would specially like. But a last look round will be well worth while.

All are beautifully printed, with a large number of coloured pictures. The Rainbow Annual (3s. 6d.) is a jolly old friend, and Bruin Boys' Annual (3s. 6d.) is a big favourite. Both are packed with stories of Tiger Tim and the Bruin Boys, still as mischievous as ever in their harmless escapades. Tiger Tilly and the Hippo Girls are to the fore in Mrs. Hippo's Annual (3s. 6d.).

Bubbles Annual (3s. 6d.) is sure to prove a favourite, with its charming fairy stories, coloured pictures, puzzles, riddles, and games for the Christmas party.

Boys and girls just beginning to read should find Chicks' Own Annual (3s. 6d.) a real treasure. Reading is simplified and made a welcome task by the fascinating little stories in this book. Long words are divided into syllables to enable young readers to master them. Coloured pages abound, and many of the pictures are outlined so that they can be painted. Bo-Peep's Bumper Book (3s. 6d.) and Tiny Tots (2s. 6d.) cannot fail to amuse, with their bright stories and abundance of pictures.

All these Annuals are attractively bound in stiff covers, ensuring them a long period of entertaining and useful service to their fortunate possessors. They will be read with interest long after the majority of toys of similar cost have been forgotten.

If you are lucky enough to be asked at the last moment what you want extra choose one of these Annuals. If you want a present for your little brother or sister, what could be better than one of these gaily-coloured books?

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 24 1927

Neither Shall They Learn War Any More

ALL this war-weary world is praying that something will be done for disarmament in the New Year that is coming; everywhere men are this week thinking of peace. It will not do us any harm to see what the greatest book in the world has to say about it all. We have only to follow it to bring peace to this much-troubled world.

The Vision

Many nations shall come and say, Come, let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths.

He shall judge among many people and rebuke strong nations afar off; and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up a sword against nation; neither shall they learn war any more.

But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig tree, and none shall make them afraid.

Micah

The Law

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour and hate thine enemy; but I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you. Be ye perfect; all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.

St. Matthew

The Proclamation

Glory to God in the highest, and on Earth peace, goodwill toward men.

St. Luke

The Great Peace

The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light. They that dwell in the land of the Shadow of Death, upon them hath the light shined.

The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion together; and a little child shall lead them.

Isaiah

The city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets. The seed shall be prosperous; the vine shall give her fruit; the ground shall give her increase; the heavens shall give their dew. Thy king shall speak peace, and his dominions shall be from sea to sea and from the river even to the ends of the Earth.

In that day there shall be upon the bells of the horses Holiness unto the Lord.

Zechariah

The Benediction

The God of peace make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight.

St. Paul



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Two to Tea

A LADY who has been staying at Brighton writes and tells us that while at a kinema there she had a tea-tray beside her. When the lights were turned down she saw on the tray a little mouse nibbling the cake.

Little One at the Telephone

IT is being suggested that all police stations, however remote they may be, should be put on the telephone. We were talking of this with a lady who has just been into Yorkshire, where she heard this true story of a very remote police-station which happens to be on the telephone.

The policeman was out, and his wife had run across the road to the little shop when the telephone rang. Little Four-Year-Old had been brought up never to touch the telephone, but he was alone, and what he did we should never have known but for the lady at the other end. She heard the receiver taken off and a little voice hurriedly saying *Daddy's out. Mummy's gone for the milk. Good afternoon!* No more and no less—and surely just enough.

An M.P.'s Story

WE have often been glad to tell stories of the kindness and honesty that is for ever in the world. Here is another.

One of our English M.P.'s was motoring in France when his car, unhappily, ran into a cow and instantly killed it. While the M.P. was attending to his car the peasant who owned the cow came up and complained. The M.P., apologising for what had happened, compensated the peasant for the loss of the animal, whereupon the peasant handed back part of the money, saying that he could still sell the cow to the butcher. So honesty made two friends.

To Every Child Everywhere

Children o'er all this great, wide earth, Today you celebrate the birth Of Jesus Christ, Who from His youth Paved the hard road that leads to Truth.

Every small brother in his cot Will have to bear the very lot That Jesus bore, for He was born To bring you through the dark to dawn.

Each little girl as she grows wise Will see the way her true path lies. God grant that none of you betray The One Who pointed out the way.

Children o'er all this great wide earth Who celebrate today the birth Of Jesus, let your heart's song be: *Christ shall be born anew in me!*

Estelle Boughton

December 25

Awake, glad heart! get up and sing! It is the birthday of thy King.

The Christmas Presents.

The time has come for Christmas giving, Said Mother Earth to Sister Sky; Shall we alone of all friends living Exchange no love gifts, you and I? Alack! the robber winds have scattered My spices and my crown of flowers, And left me poor and old and tattered: What gift have I for Christmas hours? Said Sister Sky: Your bells are ringing From Christmas steeples near and far; Then let their music upward winging Be deemed Earth's gift to Moon and Star.

Alack! I have no golden brightness To warm your wintry fields below, But take, instead, this robe of whiteness, Sky's Christmas gift of shining snow.

Tip-Cat

COMMANDER KENWORTHY asks what our modern boxers lack. A Christmas box, perhaps.

ONE of Persia's new ministers makes a hobby of sewing. Handy man for patching up political breaches.

IT is proposed to establish a home for tired statesmen. Why not one for the people who are tired of them?

To judge a man's character, says a writer, look at his wife's face. But it does not follow that he is an artist because it is painted.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If bon-bons are good goods

AN office-cleaner's union is to be formed. Then they will all be able to rub along together.

THE wearing of a dress suit encourages gentle manners. Unless the collar-stud gets lost.

TIPPING is one of the world's oldest institutions. Civilisation is based on a system of give and take.

SYDNEY, Australia, is said to want carols. Send them some of our door-step singers.

The War Men in the Nursery

THE C.N. has been sorry to see this year the revival of military toys.

They have long been absent from the Christmas bazaars, and all people of goodwill have been glad to get rid of that ugly spirit which exploits Christmas to make a little profit by planting thoughts of war in children's minds.

The soldiers and the guns are coming back into the shops, and we most earnestly beg all friends of peace to have nothing to do with them. It is the beginning of evil. The War Men know that their hope is in the young, in interesting them in the lie that war is a fine and brave thing. The way to defeat them is not to patronise the shops where their insidious influence creeps in. The best place for the military toy is on the fire.

Tinker

By Our Country Girl

THERE are many far bigger garages in our town, but we go to a small one in a back street because of Tinker.

Tinker is a mongrel dog with a smile. He gives all his master's clients a welcome, and they are flattered by his remembrance of them. "Nice to see you again, sir," he seems to say. "What can we do for you? You can rely on me to give the matter personal attention and quote our very lowest terms."

A Treasure in the House

Tinker is certainly a business asset, but he has other uses as well.

In the house, for instance, Tinker is a treasure. He sleeps in the hall, and likes to get on his master's bed in the morning, but he is only allowed this treat after he has brought up the letters. There is a scratch on the bedroom door; Tinker's master opens it, and in the dog dashes with a mouthful of correspondence. If there is no post the door is shut on him.

The other day Tinker got in, but when his master took the post from him he found that it was a dirty, empty envelope. Tinker had sought a passport in the waste-paper basket!

The Morning Newspaper

Yet another daily task is Tinker's. As soon as Master gets down the dog is put out of doors and is not allowed to come in to have breakfast until he brings the newspaper. The other day Tinker brought the paper rather earlier than usual. Later there was a flop in the hall, and Tinker's master found a newspaper lying there. At first he thought the news-agent had sent two papers by mistake, but it happened again and again. Then the neighbours complained.

Next door lives a man whose news-agent delivers earlier than the news-agent with whom Tinker's master deals, and in order to get in Tinker began to steal the next-door paper from the doorstep or to tug it back if it was half through the letter-box!

Tinker is a mongrel, but Mr. Rockefeller could not buy him.

THE BROADCASTER

The C.N. Calling the World

THE Board of Education declares that the child of today is stronger, taller, and heavier than the child of twenty years ago.

ONE of the orphans educated at the London Orphans School at Watford has collected £9000 for the school in twenty years.

A GRAMOPHONE record made by the Temple Choir has beaten the records of all popular songs.

THE first cheque received for the Toc H Appeal Fund was one for ten thousand pounds.

THE Dunlop Rubber Company has built a permanent home for a Council of masters and men to promote friendliness.

A FIRM of agricultural engineers has invited its 2000 workers to elect representatives to sit with the directors at their meetings.

A LAMP TO IGNORANCE

THE LETTER-WRITER OF NAPLES

Lands in Which Half the People Cannot Read

A MESSAGE OF 3000 YEARS AGO

It is a striking thought that, while scientists are unearthing the treasures and art of Pompeii, which perished eighteen and a half centuries ago, other men have just buried, close by Pompeii, one who was called the last of the public letter-writers.

This man, Don Ciccio Maffei, had a little booth in the open street at Naples, where he sat with table, pen, ink, and paper, ready for a small fee to write letters for poor Neapolitans who could neither read nor write.

When Culture Died

They say that Maffei was the last of his calling in Italy, that education has destroyed his office. It would be cheering to believe it, but not many years ago there were over 34 men in every 100 and over 48 women in every 100 in Italy who could neither read nor write.

Culture died when the Roman Empire was overthrown by barbarians; it re-appeared first in Italy with the re-birth of learning after the thousand years of the Dark Ages. But Italy, once mistress of the world, was long oppressed by foreign tyrants, who made it a first point of policy to deny the people education.

"My people have no need to think," said Ferdinand the Second of Naples, less than a century ago; "I am responsible for their welfare and dignity." As education and thought often led to the prison and the scaffold, the axiom that "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise" seemed justified in the Italy of the public letter-writers.

Public Letter-Writers

Not that poor Italy was alone in her high percentage of illiterates. In the year from which we take Italy's figures Spain had over 63 people in 100 who could neither read nor write; in Rumania the figure was 60 in 100; in Russia over half the population was totally ignorant, a total which must have been terrible in its reality as to some provinces, but reduced, in the aggregate, by the better figures of some of the more enlightened areas.

Public letter-writers are to be found in all the bazaars of the East, where reading and writing are mysteries too profound for the multitude. Similar conditions prevailed in our own land at one time, and do still, to some extent, in remote places. Robert Burns used to write letters and verses for young men friends who could not master the pen.

One letter, which must have been seen by myriads of eyes unable to read it, conveys a message which none of us can understand today. It is 3000 years old; it is inscribed on a stone, and it lies, with its translation, in the famous Bodleian Library at Oxford: *He died today.*

A Mystic Message

That is all it says, and the message is as mystic as that of the Sphinx was reputed to be. Who wrote it, and to whom? Who was the Egyptian whose soul had passed to the Shades—a Pharaoh, a father, a lover, a tyrant? Did the message express sorrow, relief, or gladness? It was urgent, like a telegram in brevity; it was to be carried afar by a true and speedy foot. Perhaps some Egyptian Maffei wrote it.

Peace to Maffei and all the learned tribe of which he was the modern high priest! He was a lamp to ignorance, a voice to the mute; he enabled heart to speak to heart across wide seas when silence and separation grew unbearable; and all the years since have had his like, and needed them.

GOOD NEWS FOR DANCING BEARS

THE other day a bear was discovered tied to a post in a suburb of Berlin. No one was with it, and no one came, although a crowd waited for a long time, and in the end policemen mounted guard over it.

The animal snarled savagely, and there was red rage in its little eyes. Evidently it had been ill-treated and underfed.

At last the police discovered the truth. The bear's owner had abandoned it because it was too fierce to manage.

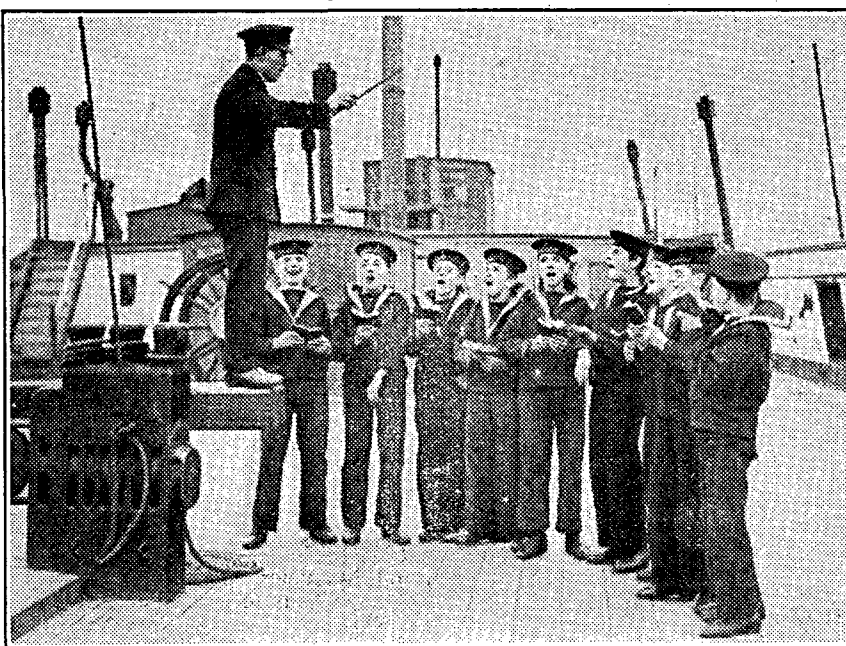
We do not know what happened to the bear, but we suppose it was put out of its misery by a rifle shot, for it was too savage to let anyone come near it. But this sad tale has a happy ending.

The German Animal Defence League was so horrified by the callousness of the man who left the bear to starve that it launched a campaign against dancing bears, and the response has been so great that bear-keeping is now sure to be forbidden by law.

Gipsies, often from Rumania, capture a wild bear in the mountains, put a ring through the poor brute's nose, and lead it through Germany begging. The bears are usually half-starved.

Now the conscience of Germany has been aroused, and the torment of the bears is to cease. The world has taken one more big step forward in the direction of kindness.

THE GLAD NEWS ON LAND AND WATER



Practising carols on the training-ship *Arethusa* at Greenhithe



Choir boys of the Savoy Chapel singing carols

Everywhere the hymns which tell of the glad news from Bethlehem are heard heralding the approach of Christmas. These pictures show boys singing carols in such widely different surroundings as a training-ship and the Savoy Chapel, London.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

The London Zoo receives a thousand pounds a week in gate money.

It is said that evidence has been found of the existence of cotton in India 5000 years ago.

A Chapel a Week

Since John Wesley's death his followers have built on an average a chapel every week.

Child Labour in Japan

Thanks to the League of Nations the employment of children under 14 has almost disappeared in Japan.

First-Aid on the Road

By next summer a complete Road Ambulance Service, with first-aid equipment, will be stationed along all main roads in England.

The life of a railway line is just over 21 years.

There are now more sheep in Yorkshire than for many years.

Where Finland Leads

Prohibition is proving a great success in Finland, the only European country in which it exists.

The Camera in Germany

In Germany only photographs of historical characters may be published without permission.

The Betting Plague

It is said that there are 30,000 British bookmakers, with an annual turnover of 300 million pounds—a million pounds spent every working day on betting!

AN UNKNOWN BRITON

DYSPTERNA OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT

Mystery of a Savage of Our Twilight Days

THE MENAGERIE UNDER OUR FEET

By Our Natural Historian

A man to be envied is Mr. S. L. Wood, whose home is in the Isle of Wight.

He is assured of immortality; he will go down to fame with his name inscribed upon a jawbone. He has had the good fortune to find a fossil bone in an ancient geological deposit in his native island; and not luck, but keen insight, enabled him to realise that he had in his hands something worth nothing intrinsically, but rich and rare to science.

He sent his treasure to our Natural History Museum, where it was found to be the lower jaw of some primeval flesh-eating animal whose like is unknown. The teeth are of a pattern such as has never before been revealed. The animal is unique. It is not merely a new species, but a new genus, and a title has been invented for it in which Mr. Wood's name is for ever commemorated—*Dyspterna Woodi*.

Monarch of the World

What a picture of the past this tremendously ancient fossil suggests to the mind! The Isle of Wight was then joined to England; England was joined to Europe; and Europe was one with Africa and Asia.

What *Dyspterna Woodi* was like we may never know, though it is possible that other remains may in course of time be added to this precious jawbone. It was a single skull that first revealed the gorilla to our knowledge, 2400 years after Hanno had seen the animal alive; a single bone told us of the giant moa; a single bony fragment was the foundation on which Tasmania's extinct rhinoceros was first established.

This Ancient Briton of the Isle of Wight, riving and tearing at the flesh of the herb-eaters of his day, must have seemed a nightmare of horror to its contemporaries. There would be no men at the time, and *Dyspterna* may have been the bloodthirsty monarch of a world which had formerly been owned and swayed by the giant reptiles.

Not a Success

There was no mind then capable of framing the question

What immortal hand or eye

Framed thy fearful symmetry?

Did He who made the lamb make thee?

The dread creature which inspired that immortal query was probably not then in existence, and could not have been predicted. But *Dyspterna* was not an enduring success. He was succeeded here by a tiger with sabre-like tusks, by lions, by bears bigger than any now existing, by wolves and hyenas, the rhinoceros and the hippopotamus.

We walk upon their graves today. If some wizard could strike the soil and command the dry bones to live what an appalling menagerie would start into existence from beneath our feet! *Dyspterna Woodi* would probably be as terrified as we should. E. A. B.

15 MILLION STARS HAVE THEIR PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN

Calculations made by the Oxford and Greenwich Observatories after forty years of photographing the heavens reveal the fact that fifteen million stars have had their photographs taken.

Although many of the other big observatories have not yet finished photographing their allotted section of the sky, the pictures already taken weigh two tons and make a pile 30 feet high.

A QUEER LITTLE EVENT

A Mammoth's Tooth in the Way

HOW A PIPE WAS BLOCKED IN EAST ANGLIA

In a certain valley in East Anglia a novel method of gravel-raising is in operation. The deposit which is being removed lies at the very bottom of the valley, and cannot be dug in the ordinary way because water is met with only a few feet below the surface of the ground. So the gravel is being sucked up through a large pipe by electricity.

A small lake has been formed by the sucking process, and on this floats a square-shaped barge, to which the electric cable goes and which has on board the engines necessary for operating the suction pump. As the gravel is removed it passes along a considerable length of piping and is finally discharged into rotary sieves, while the water which has also been sucked up finds its way back into the lake.

Implements of Ancient Man

Now, the bottoms of valleys are generally very rich in flint implements of ancient man and the remains of the various animals with which he was associated. This is because the main valleys were, as it were, gigantic ditches, into which all sorts of relics have been washed from time immemorial; the East Anglia valley is no exception to the general rule. A great number of flint implements and bones have been recovered.

The suction plant runs continuously: but not long ago a stoppage in one section of the pipe occurred during the night. The section was detached, and it was seen that some object looking like a bone was firmly wedged in the pipe. This was carefully dislodged, and was found to be an immense molar tooth of a mammoth. The tooth is in an excellent state of preservation, and is one of the largest yet recovered. Recently the milk tooth of a baby mammoth was disgorged by the suction pipe, and it is evident that in ancient times the East Anglian valleys must have been a great game country.

THE SILKWORM'S RIVAL

Truth About the Health Rays

People have been told to wear artificial silk because it lets through more ultra-violet light (the health rays of the Sun) than wool or cotton.

These are days when ultra-violet light is recommended as a thing of great benefit, and clothing which lets the rays pass to the skin is constantly recommended by doctors.

Now comes the cold truth of science. There is very little difference in this respect between artificial silk and real silk, wool, or cotton. The open road for the ultra-violet rays lies in the openings between the fine threads in the woven material. It makes little difference what the thread itself is made of, and the results of a vast number of experiments show that the value of artificial silk from this point of view has been very much over-estimated.

TYPEWRITERS BY PARACHUTE

Wonderful America! Some country-folk there have been wanting to buy new typewriters, and they have been sent by aeroplane.

The pilot did not, apparently, want the trouble and expense of landing and letting the typewriters be taken out of their stowaway places, so he arranged to use a parachute and to tie the typewriter's box cunningly half-way up so that when the parachute came gently to earth the typewriter could be unpacked easily. Who would have thought the words typewriter and parachute would ever be associated?

HORSE SENSE

A Driver's Adventure in Devon

A driver in a Field Artillery battery gives an experience of his own which, he holds, proves the high intelligence of the horse.

While he was in training at the well-known artillery camp outside Okehampton, in Devon, he had an old, experienced horse that had seen war service and a young horse of a nervous temperament, though ordinarily quiet.

The training ranges have dangerous slopes, with granite rocks scattered here and there. While driving along such a slope with the vehicle tilted he struck some obstacle, and in a moment found himself pinned underneath his fallen horses in such a position that he must have been crushed and seriously injured if they had struggled to regain their feet.

But, though the horses were terrified, neither of them moved. They lay perfectly still until the man was pulled clear of them. The young horse could have managed to regain its footing, but only by rolling on its driver, and that it would not do.

This experience has made the man ready to uphold the intelligence of the horse against anyone who denies it.

A DISAPPEARING TREE

What Shakespeare Said of It

A curious little tragedy of the countryside is likely to happen in the near future. The medlar trees of England, so a friend of the C.N. tells us, are disappearing from the orchards and gardens.

Medlars have been known in England since before the days of Shakespeare, but even he mentions them in the same uncomplimentary terms that are used about them today by people who do not appreciate their flavour. For the medlar, as an old proverb says, is never good till it is rotten!

Medlar trees grow in many a delightful English garden, and very handsome does the brown fruit look on its pretty bunches of leaves. But very few people who own medlar trees would think of eating or even gathering the fruit. In London, on the other hand, it is quite popular, and the fruit shops keep large stocks of medlars when they ripen in the late autumn.

But it is chiefly in the older gardens of Southern England that medlar trees are to be found, and now many of the houses they belong to are being pulled down, and the trees with them.

SAFETY FIRST

School Visits to Factories

It is startling to learn that last year 17 per cent of the people injured in industrial employment were under 18, over 50 children being killed and some 23,000 young people maimed.

In view of these facts the Safety First Association is considering plans for arranging visits to factories by children in their last school year, so that they may be shown the conditions under which work is done and the dangers to be looked out for and avoided.

A VERY WONDERFUL ELECTRIC MOTOR

A tiny electric motor, so small that the rotating part within its filed magnets can be wrapped up in a postage stamp, is being used in large quantities by the Westinghouse Electric Company. It is the smallest motor ever manufactured for any practical purpose, and some idea of its size can be gathered from the fact that the rotor is 37 million times smaller than that of a big 8000 horse-power motor.

The tiny motor is very industrious. It will work day and night if necessary, and its purpose is to work the timing of a special type of electric meter.

IS YOUR PET A ROVER?

If Not, Why Not?

Just now the toyshops are full of dolls for Christmas. How many of them, we wonder, will become members of the Rover League?

Not everyone knows that dolls can join a league, but it is so, and one branch has as many as 30 members. The veteran of the branch is a venerable doll aged 80. When she was new ladies wore crinolines and corkscrew curls peeped out of poke bonnets. She has lived in three reigns, and is ten years older than the Indian Mutiny. Of course she is too old for the arduous work of Secretary to the Branch, and that post is filled by a doll of 30. The other members are much younger; two of them live in Portugal.

The Life-Membership Fee

The League does not consist solely of doll members. Other branches have dog, cat, pony, and bird members. In fact, almost any creature (except human beings) can belong to it on payment of a life-membership fee of 5s. Men, women, and children are barred from the Rover League, but they are allowed to put pennies in the collecting-boxes and to polish the membership badges!

The Rover League, which was founded by a dog called Rover, which lives at The Rise, Headington Hill, Oxford, uses all its funds to support hospital cots. The League is connected with the Children's Union, whose patron is the Duchess of York.

Among the most enthusiastic collectors for the League are dogs or cats which receive 2d. for every mouse and 6d. for every rat they kill. Some animals are very keen on getting others to join. There is one cat, for instance, which has made every pet he knows become a member, and even then is not content. One day he brought a wild baby rabbit into the house, quite unhurt.

For Crippled Children

"What a splendid recruiting sergeant he is!" said Father. "Bunny is a new member for the Rover League, of course."

So they provided it with a roomy hutch, and then, lest it should be lonely, they bought a tame rabbit to keep it company. Now, of course, there are two new members, and the Branch Secretary is purring over his cleverness.

We know of one dog which, his mistress says, gives all his pocket-money to the crippled children. Every Saturday he has a penny.

"Shall I buy you a bone with it or put it in the collecting-box?" she asks. He seems to think deeply.

"Shall I put it in the box?" she asks again, and as he does not say No she puts it in. Then she tells him what a good, unselfish dog he is, and gives him a bone.

THE DOG AND THE BISCUIT BOX

A Worcestershire reader sends us a pretty story of the behaviour of a Sealyham puppy.

My little daughter, after having a great romp, racing round with two Sealyham puppies, lay resting on a rug in the sunshine. After looking at her a bit with his head on one side one of the puppies trotted off to a tin of his biscuits—the small, square kind—and, picking one up carefully, ran back to her and dropped it gently near her face. Then away he went again and brought her another, and so on till seven or eight lay close by her mouth. It seemed as if in dog language he was trying hard to tell her they were for her.

Then, unable to keep it to herself any longer, she came running in to tell me about it, not knowing that I had been watching it all from a window.

What was in the puppy's mind? He had not been taught to fetch things or to carry. Did he think she needed something to eat before starting play again?

A CRY FROM MACEDONIA

Three Countries and Their Troubles

A MOVE FORWARD

At last it seems as if one of the unceasing causes of unrest in the Balkan Peninsula is about to be removed by the united action of the three countries that are most concerned: Yugo-Slavia, Bulgaria, and Greece.

In that mountainous region there is a considerable area, known by the old name of Macedonia, where the population is extremely mixed. Some villages are chiefly inhabited by Serbs, others by Bulgars, others by Greeks. Each of the three countries contains a part of the mixed population. For generations there has been a deeply-rooted habit of bands of villagers who have feuds with other villagers crossing the mountains and making raids on each other, ending in murders, outrages, and robberies.

Ensuring Local Peace

Always there has been a danger that these scenes of violence, leading to reprisals from those who have been attacked, would involve the nations whose borders have been crossed. Quite recently a band of marauders from Bulgarian Macedonia killed a Serbian general. Each country in turn has made appeals to its neighbours to control their unruly people.

Now it seems that the Governments of the three countries are to act unitedly in suppressing such disorders wherever they may arise. It is the only effective way of ensuring local peace. But the task is not easy where there is a long tradition of hostility, and feuds and rival ambitions divide people familiar with local warfare. The good wishes of all European countries will follow the attempts of the Yugo-Slavian, Bulgarian, and Greek Governments to bring lasting order to restless Macedonia.

CHILDREN WHO NEVER SAW RAIN

Scenes in a Long Drought

Extraordinary stories are told of the drought that was broken in many parts of Australia by the recent rains.

In one district in Queensland there were five-year-old children who never remembered seeing rain, as the drought had lasted from two to three years. Sheep could have been sold at a shilling each in some parts, as the farmers could do nothing but watch them die. Water-holes either dried up completely or were edged with a sticky morass, in which animals became embedded.

Emus, which are very shy birds, were driven to feeding on the wheat crops at Ouyen. Two large emus were seen on the outskirts of the town, and tracks were found right in the town itself, where they had come in search of water.

OTHER LIBRARIES PLEASE COPY

News has just been received at Geneva that there is to be added to the National Library of France a section specially set apart for the League of Nations which will contain all documents concerning the League, the I.L.O., and the Court of International Justice.

The place chosen for this section is the Central Office, so that any reader may easily find it, and there will be a catalogue of the documents.

This is an immediate result of the recommendation made by the League Committee on Intellectual Cooperation that it might be made more easy for the general public to find and read League publications.

British libraries please copy!

A LITTLE TALE FOR BIG BILL

The Hidden Hand Again ENGLISH PICTURE AT A BOSTON BANQUET

Big Bill Thompson, Chicago's buffoon mayor, whose aim is to banish English teaching from the city of pork, will have to extend his operations. There are English influences at work in his native land that he knows not of.

Two years ago a friend of the writer painted a merry picture which he called *The First Stationer*, a grim-faced Autolycus, whose wares, unlike the ribbons, buttons, tapes, gloves, and what-not of the merry, musical rascal in Shakespeare's *The Winter's Tale*, are pens, pencils, seals, parchments, and ink; and a red-headed urchin in doublet and trunks, the picture of Shakespeare's whining school-boy, finds a coin to purchase a fine quill pen. The setting of the picture, with its timbered gables, its little leaded windows, and its cobbled pavement, is just such as Shakespeare must have seen in 16th-century London. Indeed, in his own Stratford.

A Very English Picture

The picture had a wide circulation as a Christmas card and calendar, and it reached America. There it has been started afresh on its journey—as an American production! At a public dinner in Boston a month or two ago this very English picture of an England which was old when America was new to knowledge has been used as the cover of a menu.

With one or two minor alterations it is copied exactly, traced, and coloured by an American artist, who alters the title to *Ye Original Stationer*. So the good people of Boston are chuckling over a little work of art which they believe to be American but which is really English.

It has come into the hands of the artist who painted it, and as he lays the pirated copy by the side of his own work he thinks Bill Thompson might reasonably be encouraged to check this method of introducing English influence into the United States, unless the English artist is acknowledged as the author of his own work.

A BRAVE LITTLE MOTHER And Her Fourteen Chicks

This fine little story of mother love and bravery comes from Yorkshire.

The Rhode Island Red hen, confident in her strength, is usually aggressive. We have known her to terrify a six-months-old terrier which had a bad character with fowls.

We have a huge Rhode Island Red hen which is very proud of her fourteen chicks. When my father went to feed them one morning he felt something unusual had happened, for the big mother had her chicks in a corner and would not leave them for her food.

Looking round, he saw in one corner a newly-made rat-hole, and in another corner a dead rat. He removed the rat, and then coaxed the mother and family to their breakfast.

About tea-time my father heard a commotion in the shed, and, hurrying to it, saw the mother hen in a life-and-death battle with a rat, the chicks being huddled in one corner while with her wings and claws the hen furiously forced the intruder into another corner. Before he could reach them the rat had sprung at her and fastened on her comb; but she flew up, and with her feet and wings beat it off, stunned it, and despatched it with her beak.

He filled up the hole again; but next morning there was another dead rat in the shed, and still there were fourteen uninjured chicks.

The hen's comb has not been so pretty since, but her bravery has more than made up for her appearance.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN ART

A Great Historical Painter

Eastlake died on December 24, 1865.

Eastlake was born at Plymouth on November 17, 1793. He had none of the trials to bear that so often, it appears, beset a painter's path. He was the child of a good and scholarly home, was well educated to a certain extent, and in his teens began to study painting with Haydon in London.

Charles had the instincts of a scholar, a strong historical sense, a love for Greek and Roman architecture, and was a keen student of anatomy. We can see in this equipment the makings of the historical painter that he became.

The Influence of the Louvre

In 1814 Charles went off to Paris with a friend, scraping up the remains of his allowance and drawing largely on the bank of hope and faith in his father. He fell headlong in love with Paris. The buildings of the Louvre took his breath away. To the actual contents of the Louvre he devoted very hard study. Titian became to him the painter of painters—an allegiance Charles never abandoned.

While he was busy working Napoleon escaped from Elba, and France was plunged into the turmoil of the Hundred Days. Charles came back to England, went to Plymouth, and painted portraits, which he disliked doing, for a small living. It happened that he had an opportunity of making a study of Napoleon on the Bellerophon. This sketch was so admired that Eastlake painted another, more ambitious, picture. It attracted considerable attention, and, to the amazement of the painter, was bought by somebody for a thousand pounds.

Feeling as rich as a prince, Eastlake went straight off to Italy to study in Rome for two years. He stayed there fourteen years, with one short interval.

His Popularity in Rome

He was a most industrious student, and never allowed himself to be turned away from his ideal—historical painting. We can have some measure of his standard of work when we realise that, when he went on to Greece to satisfy his hunger for a sight of Athens, he returned after some months with ninety oil sketches and several drawings. He was then twenty-five, and, almost unknown to himself, his career had begun.

His work became very popular in Rome; he sold a good many of the Greek pictures and had commissions for Italian landscapes. From landscapes Charles presently went on to subject pictures of Italians and the banditti. These had a great success, and gave him an opportunity to work at classical compositions. He sent some pictures, including the head of a Greek girl, Haidée, to the Academy in London. In 1827 he was made an A.R.A.

Honours and Distinctions

The next year Eastlake returned to England. This fortunate man soon after went off a-wandering again, visiting this time Holland and the Rhineland, down to Venice, where in every stone and waterway he saw his Titian. In 1830 he was in Rome again, painting, and sent the famous *Pilgrims in Sight of Rome* to the Academy. That year he was made a full member. For reasons of health he returned to England and went on painting the historical scenes he loved.

Many honours and distinctions were given Eastlake. He became a force in London in his day—Librarian to the Academy in 1842, Keeper of the National Gallery in 1843; seven years later President of the Royal Academy and a knight; five years later again Director of the National Gallery. He died in Italy on December 24, 1865.

His work lacks the fine fling of genius, it lacks a strong imagination; in its own sphere of historical storytelling it is good, dignified, sound.

ELECTRICITY FOR THE SOIL

Experiments in Sweden

In Sweden the small-holders are forcing their crops by electricity.

Electric cables are led into frames and the current heats the soil, so that, though Sweden is a chilly country in the winter, the horticulturists have high hopes that in the future they will be able to send early lettuces and early potatoes to market as well as the growers in any of the warm countries of Southern Europe.

Frames are made in sections of about two yards by a yard and a half, so that the whole frame is about 30 feet long. This is buried about five inches deep in the soil, and the cables, which in an electrically-driven land extend to every farmhouse and nearly every cottage, are led into the frames from the local electric stations. The pressure is 127 volts, rather less than that employed in English current mains.

The Question of Cost

It is claimed that the cost of heating such a 30-foot bed as we have described is about 27s. a month. The month was March, and for that expenditure 2400 heads of salad were raised. But it should be added that in Sweden the cost of current is about one farthing a kilowatt. It will not be reduced to that in England till the Electricity Commissioners have got their new power stations into order.

The current is turned on at night, when it is cheaper, and arrangements are now being made to lay down electric beds in a field of 2000 square yards. With this equipment the farmer might snap his fingers at the early frosts.

It is a scheme which is full of hope, though it may meet with many disappointments. Perhaps some day in the future there will be electricity to spare to warm the Arctic Circle.

THE POLICEMAN AT SCHOOL

A Portsmouth reader writes to tell us of a pleasant incident.

As good feeling all round cannot be too widely known we pass on the pleasure of hearing of it to our readers.

I remember a Portsmouth policeman on the picture page of the C.N. escorting school children across the road. Another Portsmouth policeman has been in the limelight lately, and I am sure you would like to hear of him.

He, too, has been keeping an eye on the children attending one of the schools, and what he has done has been so appreciated by them that when he recently reached his time limit it was decided to collect a gift for him.

They were asked for ideas as to what should be given, and some of the very small tots made rather queer suggestions. One, who evidently thought he might have no civilian clothes, proposed to give him some. Eventually he was asked to come to the school, and was given a watch and chain and a fountain pen.

FAITHFUL AND HIS FRIEND

Then Christian suddenly stumbled and fell, and could not rise again until Faithful came up to help him.

That is the legend from Pilgrim's Progress which has been placed under the new stained-glass window in the old Bunyan Meeting House at Bedford.

The window has been placed there in memory of John Rowan Steven, a boy drowned in the Ouse while trying to save a friend after their canoe had upset.

RIGHTS OF THE NON-SMOKER

The National Society of Non-Smokers (37, Old Devonshire Road, London, S.W.12) is trying to obtain proper accommodation for those who do not like smoke in restaurants or tea-shops, and also to secure the prohibition of smoking in post offices, telephone boxes, and shops.

WHY NEW STARS APPEAR

SUNS PLUNGING INTO NEBULOUS CLOUDS

How Astronomers Saw Light Travelling

EXPLOSIONS IN SPACE

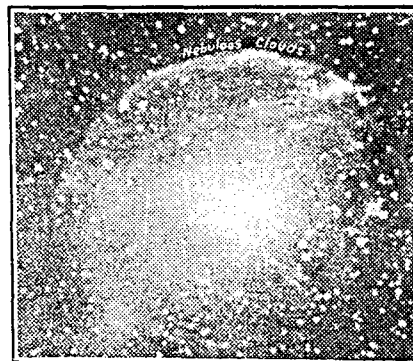
By the C.N. Astronomer

The new star, or Nova, which was discovered in the constellation of Taurus remains still much too faint to be seen without a good telescope; and apparently it will remain so.

The event is, however, of none the less interest, for the Nova's light can still be analysed, and the story of what is taking place can be gleaned from the changes in its spectrum.

This faintness is probably due to the Nova's immense distance, for nearly all Novae, and particularly faint ones, are very far off, those of our Universe being usually near the dense region of the Milky Way.

Some have been discovered in other universes and upward of a million light-years distant, so these outbursts must have occurred over a million years ago. The cataclysm that is now being



Light speeding out from the new star in Perseus in 1901

observed in Taurus doubtless took place many hundreds of years ago.

The so-called new stars are not infrequently seen; another was discovered in Aquila as recently as last July. It was not very far south of the position of the brilliant 1918 Nova in Aquila, which is now easily seen to be immersed in a colossal luminous mist.

This Nova was one of the brightest and best observed in modern times, the close and continuous attention given to it during the last nine years having done much to reveal what actually occurs.

It has long been known that these stellar outbursts usually happen in, or apparently near, regions where there is much nebulosity, that is, clouds of gaseous matter or cosmic dust floating through vast areas of space; this nebulosity is sometimes visible, but usually its existence is only revealed by indirect means. Now, while the cause of these terrific catastrophes is probably not always the same in every case, the evidence so far indicates that it is produced by a faint star, perhaps a sun similar to ours, plunging into a vast, dense mass of this nebulous matter.

A Marvellous Revelation

In the case of the Nova that appeared in Perseus in 1901 the nebula, itself dark, was revealed in a marvellous manner; for after the outburst in the vicinity of the star the light was seen to speed outward and to illumine the vast clouds of nebula in its path. The fact that the luminosity travelled with the speed of light proved that this was what occurred.

Such a nebula, but luminous one, may be seen in the same region of Taurus as the new star. It is known as the Crab Nebula, and appears between two and three times the Moon's width to the north-west of Zeta in Taurus.

In powerful field-glasses it will be seen as an oval patch of light. Though it appears very small it is many times the size of the Solar System. G. F. M.

Be Peace On Earth This Christmastide To All of Gentle Will

THE BRAN TUB

A Christmas Word Square

My first is often given at Christmas.
My second is often eaten at Christmas.
My third is often held at Christmas.
With my fourth, reversed, the rest are enjoyed at Christmas.

Answer next week

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Banting

The Banting, or Javan ox, is found in Java, Burma, the Malay Peninsula, and other regions lying to the east of the Bay of Bengal. Large herds of Banting are kept in a domesticated condition by the Malays in Java. The most noticeable feature of the Banting is the large white patch on the hind quarters. Except for this patch and the lower parts of the legs the typical old Javan bulls are black.

Ici On Parle Français



La mansarde La mouche Le marteau

Un poète a habité cette mansarde.
La mouche est un insecte nuisible.
Le marteau sert à enfoncer le clou.

Proverbs About Gifts

Look not a gift horse in the mouth.
He gives twice that gives in a trice.

A gift with a kind countenance is a double present.

Some men give of their means, and others of their meanness.

A gift much expected is paid, not given.

What Am I?

My first is in present but not in gift,
My second's in hoisting and also in lift,

My third is in bon-bon but not in crack,

My fourth is in chimney and also in stack,

My fifth is in skating but not in ice,
My sixth is in raisin and also in spice,

My seventh's in lantern but not in light,

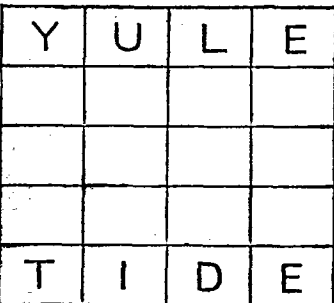
My eighth is in morning and also in night.

I have spent all my life wearing only one shoe,

But at Christmas I have a new duty to do.

Answer next week

A Yuletide Changeling



Change the word Yule into Tide with only three intervening links, altering one letter at a time, and making a common word with each change. The pictures will help you.

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week



IN the evening Jupiter and Uranus in the south-west. In the morning Venus, Mars, and Saturn in the south-east.

The picture shows the Moon as seen looking south at 5 p.m. on December 24th.

How Santa Claus Got His Name

THE name Santa Claus is from the Dutch for St. Nicholas, the patron saint of children. The custom of hanging up stockings just before Christmas originated in Germany, Holland and Flanders, where Santa Claus was supposed to bring gifts as a reward for good children. The feast of St. Nicholas is on December 6.

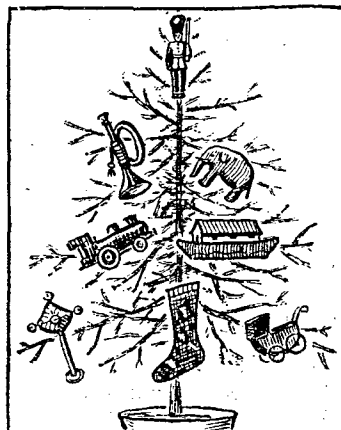
Curious Spelling

THREE letters three rivers proclaim;
Three letters an ode give to fame;

Three letters an attribute name,
Three letters a compliment claim.

Answer next week

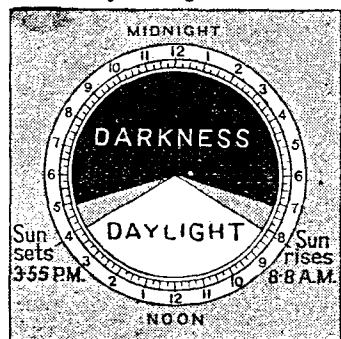
A Christmas Tree Puzzle



WHEN you have found the names of the objects shown here the initial letters arranged in the right order, will spell the names of things that are always on a Christmas tree.

Answer next week

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows shorter each day.

Little Mother

The little lady of these verses has grown up since they were written, and is now the wife of a judge in one of the ancient countries of the world.

ONE night into our nursery nest

We looked, and there we found

So sweet a sight of home delight,

It made our bosoms bound.

For there our little Mary stood

Our bright-eyed boys beside,

With smiling care she combed their hair;

She had no need to chide.

Then on the floor with folded hands,

Obedient to the maid,

In snowy gown each babe knelt down

And innocently prayed.

"Why, Mary, where is nurse?" we cried.

"O mother (Nana said),

If she was late we weren't to wait,

But go at once to bed.

"And Jane was busy in your room,

And I could reach the shelf,

And so I thought I really ought

To manage all myself."

Alfred Preceval Graves

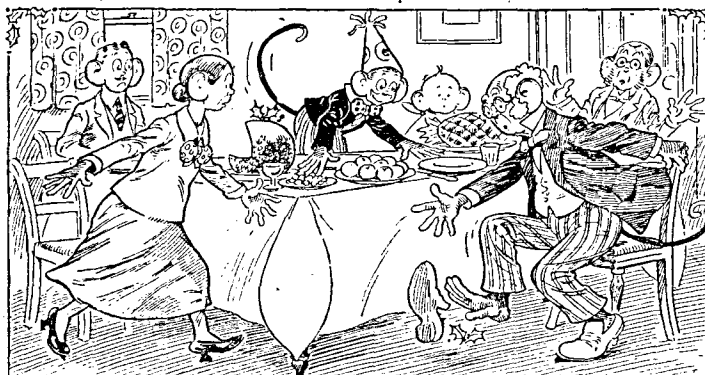
Jacko Has a Merry Christmas

MRS. JACKO looked rather worried when she opened her letters one morning. "Here's Grandpa wanting to spend Christmas with us," she said. "I only hope he won't get laid up with all the noise!"

"Coo! Grandpa likes a noise!" cried Jacko, thumping the table. "He says it makes him feel young again!" And when the old gentleman arrived it really did seem most unlikely that he would get "laid up," as Mrs. Jacko called it. He looked as spry as could be, and told them all that he was looking forward to his Christmas dinner.

"It's not everybody that can enjoy a good dinner at my age," he said proudly; "but I've never lost my appetite."

He certainly was a wonderful old gentleman, and Jacko had the greatest admiration for him. But unfortunately Grandpa



"What is the matter?" said Mrs. Jacko.

Jacko was a bit of a practical joker himself, and that rather took the wind out of Jacko's sails.

On Christmas Eve Grandpa Jacko looked very mysterious, and Jacko couldn't help thinking that it was something to do with presents. And so it was, for suddenly the old gentleman slipped something into Jacko's hand, saying: "We really ought to keep presents for Christmas Day, but here's one in advance."

Jacko looked down at his hand, and gave a whoop of delight. "Five shillings!" he shouted. "Three cheers for Grandpa!"

But suddenly he noticed that the old gentleman was holding his sides with laughter; and, when he looked at the five-shilling piece more closely, he saw that it was a chocolate one done up in silver paper.

Poor Jacko's face was a study. He loved playing tricks on other people, but simply hated it when the tables were turned.

"I don't think you're at all funny!" he told Grandpa Jacko, and he walked off with his head in the air, leaving the old gentleman chortling away and calling out "Merry Christmas!"

But Grandpa had quite forgotten his little joke by the next day when the real presents came out, and he was as excited as anybody when he found that there was a nice big parcel addressed to him.

"Dear me! What a surprise!" he chirped. "Where are my glasses?" And, when he had undone the parcel, he was even more excited, for inside was a lovely pair of carpet slippers.

"How very kind of you, my dear!" said the old gentleman, beaming at Mrs. Jacko.

"I only hope they're the right size," said Mrs. Jacko anxiously. "Just slip them on, Grandpa."

The old gentleman did slip them on, but as he did so his chuckles died away.

"Ooh!" he cried, springing off his chair. "Ooh!"

"What's the matter?" cried Mrs. Jacko, rushing to the rescue.

It was soon very clear what was the matter. Each of the slippers had been neatly stuffed with holly!

Fortunately the old gentleman didn't mind a bit; in fact, he burst out laughing when Jacko leant across the table with a grin and said, "Merry Christmas, Grandpa!"

Is Your Name Noel?

NOEL is the French word for Christmas, and it is quite a common name in France, especially for children whose birthdays are on or very near Christmas Day. It is now becoming quite a favourite Christian name in England.

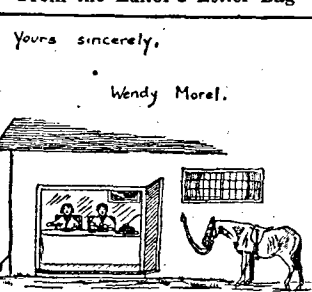
A Puzzle Proverb

HERE is a well-known proverb from which every alternate letter has been left out. Can you guess what it is?

POLWOIENLSHUESOLNTHOSOE

Answer next week

From the Editor's Letter Bag



A C.N. reader introduces her pony to the Editor.

Dr MERRYMAN

Post Office Carelessness

LOOK here, mister! I sent a Christmas present of ten shillings to my old mother through the post, and she tells me she never got it!

Where did you buy the order?

Why, I gave you the money myself, and here's your receipt for it! (It was the money order!)

WHAT is it that will not keep more than twenty-four hours at Christmas?

Christmas Day.

It Sounded All Right

WERE they satisfied with you at the last office you worked at?

Well, sir, when I left the chief clerk said he was very pleased.

His Christmas Dinner

BRAGGED a bear at the Zoo, "Oh, I say, I've had thirty-five buns, boys, today!"

"That's a record for you, So loud cheers!" neighed thegnu, And the 'potamus bawled "Hippo-ray!"

A Bad Guess

WHAT's a stall at the opera, Bill? I s'pose it's the place where they sell the chocolates and oranges and ginger-beer they eat there!

Weather Permitting



WITH these nice little chairs—which are toadstools in fact—

And with twigs to supply a red ember,

We can surely keep cosy till spring-time arrives,

(Remarked Snip on a day in December.)

Er—um—yes (answered Snorum in tones full of doubt),

But of course it may shortly start snowing,

And it also may hail, or may rain, or may sleet,

For in winter there's truly no knowing!

What's in a Name?

WELL, did you enjoy the concert?

Which piece of music did you like best?

Oh, that jolly thing by—er—what's his name? Doorknob, wasn't it?

Doorknob? Who do you mean?

They played Beethoven, Wagner, Handel—

That's it, Handel! I knew it was something you caught hold of!

WHY is Christmas Day weak?

Because it cannot help falling on December 25.

A Riddle in Rhyme

I MOVE on my head, though supported by man;
My body is large. Tell my name if you can.

Answer next week

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Here is the answer to last week's crossword puzzle:

Word Square
CART
AREA
REAR
TARN

A Puzzle Word: Education
Do You Know Me? Christmas.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

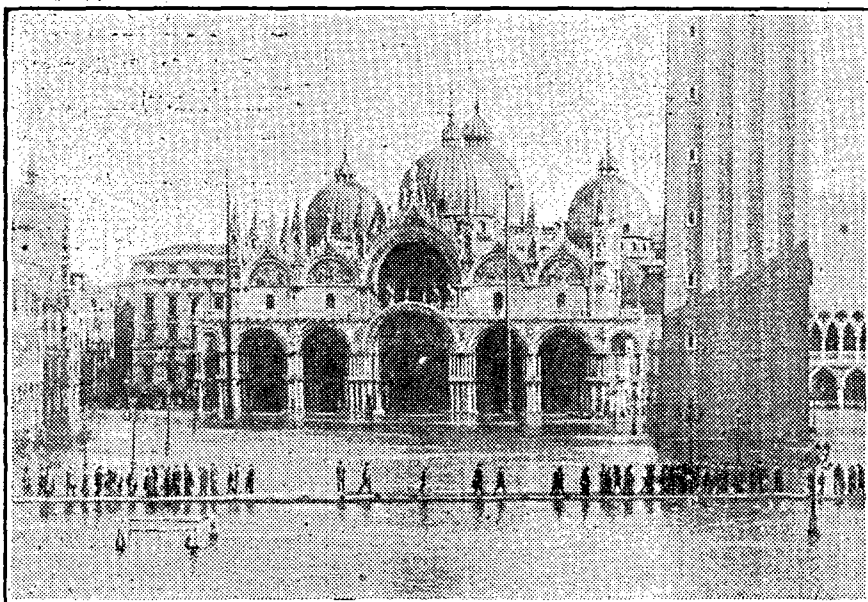
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

December 24, 1927

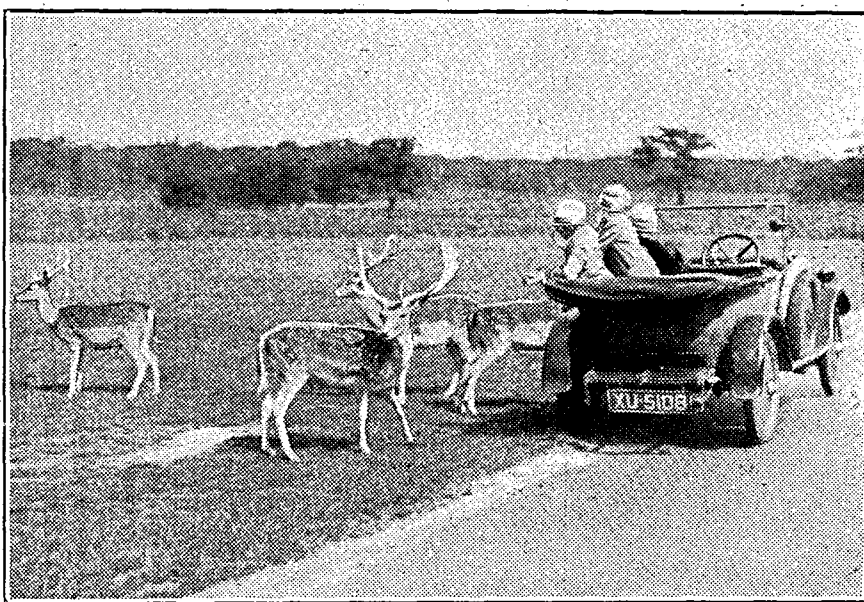
Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere except Canada for 14s. 6d. a year; Canada, 14s. See below.

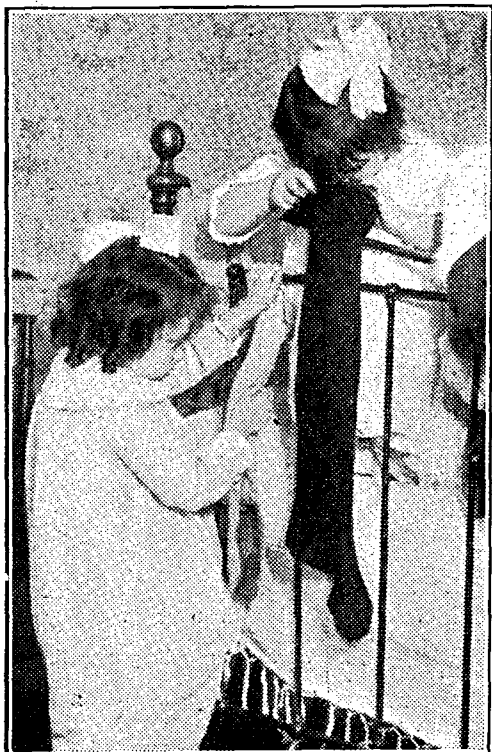
FLOODS IN VENICE · GETTING READY FOR CHRISTMAS · TOY WORTH £4000



Venice Flooded—The canals of Venice overflowed into the city recently, and in this picture we see pedestrians making their way across the square of St. Mark's on a bridge of planks.



A Meeting in the Park—The deer in Richmond Park are usually very friendly, and it is no uncommon sight to see them accepting tit-bits from motorists, as shown in this picture.



Getting Ready for Santa Claus—Although these little girls have borrowed very large stockings for Christmas Eve they seem to be wondering if there will be room for all the toys and presents they hope to get.



Making the Christmas Pudding—These little girls will be very proud when the pudding is served on Christmas Day, for they have helped to make it themselves. They are here seen hard at work mixing the ingredients.



The Christmas Tree in the Ward—No Christmas trees bring more joy than those in the children's wards of hospitals. Here we see a nurse distributing the presents to the children from a hospital tree.



An Ice Table—Mr. G. P. Putnam recently led an expedition to Baffin Land, the great island in the Arctic. The explorers are here seen using a block of ice as a table while having a meal on the coast of Northern Labrador, where they landed during their voyage to the Arctic.



A Mechanical Circus—When the Queen visited a London shop the other day she was very much interested in the mechanical clowns and animals of a model circus. This picture shows Christmas shoppers watching a performance of the big toy, which is worth £4000.

THE BEST CHRISTMAS BOX—TRY A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO MY MAGAZINE

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Thursday by the Proprietors, The Amalgamated Press, Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. It is registered as a newspaper and for transmission by Canadian post. It can be ordered (with My Magazine) from these Agents: Canada, Imperial News Co. (Canada), Ltd.; Australasia, Gordon & Gotch; South Africa, Central News Agency.